Now, shall I put on record what Henry Irving thought of Fanny Kemble! If there is a touch of malice in rny doing so, surely the passage that I have quoted gives me leave.

Having lived with Hamlet nearly all his life, studied the part when he was a clerk, dreamed of a day when he might play it, the young Henry Irving saw that Mrs. Butler, the famous Fanny Kemble, was going to give a reading of the play. His heart throbbed high with anticipation, for in those days TRADITION was everything—the name of Kemble a beacon and a star.

The studious young clerk went to the reading.

An attendant came on to the platform, first, and made trivial and appajently unnecessary alterations in the position of the reading desk. A glass of water and a book were placed on it.

After a portentous wait, on swept a lady with an extra-ordinarily flashing eye, a masculine and muscular outside. Pounding the book with terrific energy, as if she wished to knock the stuffing out of it, she announced in thrilling tones:

"' HAM—A.—LETTE.'
By
Will—y—am Shak—es—peare."

" I suppose this is all right/[3] thought the young clerk, a little dismayed."at the fierce ajad sectional enunciation.

Then the reader came to Act i, Sc. 2, which the old actor (to leave the Kemble reading for a minute), with but a. hazy notion of the text, used to begin :

" Although of Hamlet, our dear brother's death,

The memory be—memory be— (What
is the — colour ?)
green *' ...